

REPLACEMENT

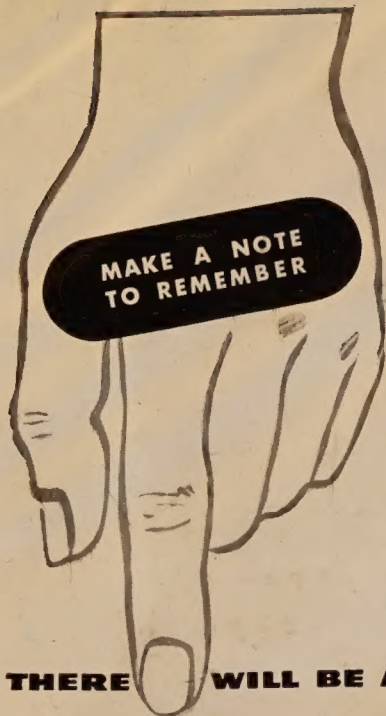
Lt. Charles A. Silliman

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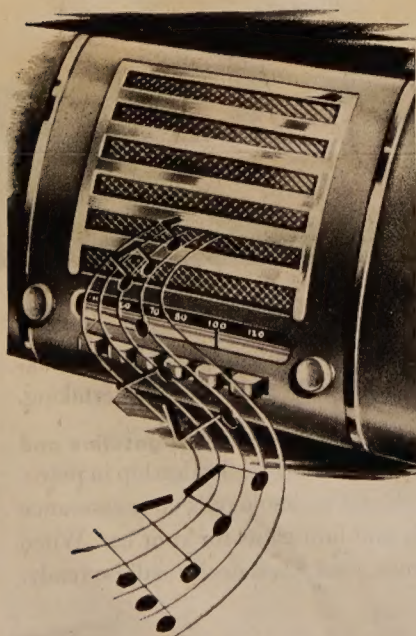
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Keeping Posted

S.E.P., V. 218, No. 1, July 7, 1945

They're Telling Us

THE lieutenant had no arms. In place of one of them was a plastic and metal arm ending in a hook. The other was a stump. One of his eyes was gone and a gray streak splashed across the cornea of the one on the opposite side. Parts of his face were the gun-metal color of powder burns. "I can remember everything that happened," he said, "the explosion, the shock, what people said, the morphine dreams. When a man is banged up that way, people seem to think you've lost your ears too. I could hear them saying, 'It would have been kinder to let him die.' I wanted to get up and sock them.

"The whole story is boiling up inside of me, aching to be told. After I have my next eye operation"—the sight of his one remaining eye has improved so much that he can find his way around unaided—"I'll get me a couple of usable arms, and I can earn my living. In the meantime, I've found somebody who can take dictation. I want to tell the story of a man who overcame difficulties. In it I'll put the nurse I clung to. And I'll put in it a swell, friendly girl I met who doesn't look at me as if I were something queer, but as if I were just like anybody else. If I keep it simple, it ought to be a good story. I won't have to worry about the simple part. I don't know many fancy words."

He was a member of the writing class at Valley Forge General Hospital, near Philadelphia. The class is a part of the hospital's reconditioning service. Not many of the patients are interested in writing—most of them would rather be taught machine-shop practice or a skilled trade—but those who are interested, are very much so. The man who thought up the class and gives two afternoons each week to it, is Graeme Lorimer, a successful writer. He is the son of the late George Horace Lorimer, and at various times was an associate editor of The Saturday Evening Post, Ladies' Home Journal and Country Gentleman.

As far as writing is concerned, Lorimer is short on theory and long on practicality. He tries to encourage the men with whom he works to write salable things, rather than literature. If the things they produce turn out to be both, it's so much velvet. With the hospital's constantly shifting population, he never knows how many will attend one of his discussion periods. It may be four and it may be twenty. A man halfway through a promising short story may be discharged as cured. Many in his group are undergoing a series of operations and can't attend regularly. To complicate things further, the group isn't composed of persons of the same age or background. Some are officers, some enlisted men. Among them are amputees, psychoneurotics, men relatively normal, and the blind. One captain came to the class armless and with his mouth sewed up. Even after the stitches were removed, Lorimer had trouble understanding him. "Your Southern accent baffles me," Lorimer told him.



Silliman—he mixed
fact with fiction.

"That's not a Southern accent," the captain said. "That's dynamite." The class, however, has done well. It has sold the following articles and stories: Now I Can Go Home (two parts), by Lt. Marshall Davenport; Replacement, by Lt. Charles A. Silliman; and an article by Capt. R. P. Steptoe—all sold to The Saturday Evening Post. Radio Geography, by Capt. James F. C. Hyde, Jr., was also sold to The Saturday Evening Post. Your Girl Back Home, by Lt. Earl G. Ramsey, was sold to the Country Gentleman for its overseas edition. A short anecdote by Capt. Thomas Z. Atkeson was sold to Reader's Digest. Broadcast, by Lt. Ralph J. Anslow, was sold to Radio Mirror. In all, \$4500 has found its way into the pockets of Valley Forge men trying to put down on paper things

they want to say. When the size of the class and the length of time Lorimer has devoted to it—his first class was held in November of last year—are taken into consideration, its record is one that any school of writing could be proud of.

The group's first big triumph was the sale of Lieutenant Davenport's two articles. When Davenport was blown out of a tank, his eyelids were burned off and, although they have been replaced by Army surgeons, he is not up to close concentration. In civilian life he was a lawyer, and the fine print in lawbooks may be too much for him, but writing doesn't make such intensive demands upon the eyes. Both Davenport and another member of the group are now working on jobs of reporting having nothing to do with the war. Lorimer urges the men studying with him first of all to reach into their own experiences for the things they write about, but if the two men working on the above-mentioned assignments bring them off, it will open up new fields of writing to the group.

Lt. Charles Silliman's fiction story, REPLACEMENT, appears on page 16 of this issue. Lorimer bought Silliman a copy of the best seller, A Walk in the Sun, a book that reported the way a group of soldiers talk, think, look and act. It was read aloud to Silliman. His sight was too badly damaged to permit him to read it to himself. When Lorimer suggested to him that he could do a story based on his own battle knowledge, Silliman dictated it. He himself was a replacement officer whose experiences were something like that of his story's principal character. He was called to active duty in July, 1941, and spent the following year patrolling beaches and preparing to defend the Atlantic coast, if necessary. He was with the 9th Division when the breakthrough came at St. Lô on July 26, 1944, was a replacement officer of Company L, 47th Infantry, 9th Division, and was wounded in Germany on September 22, 1944.

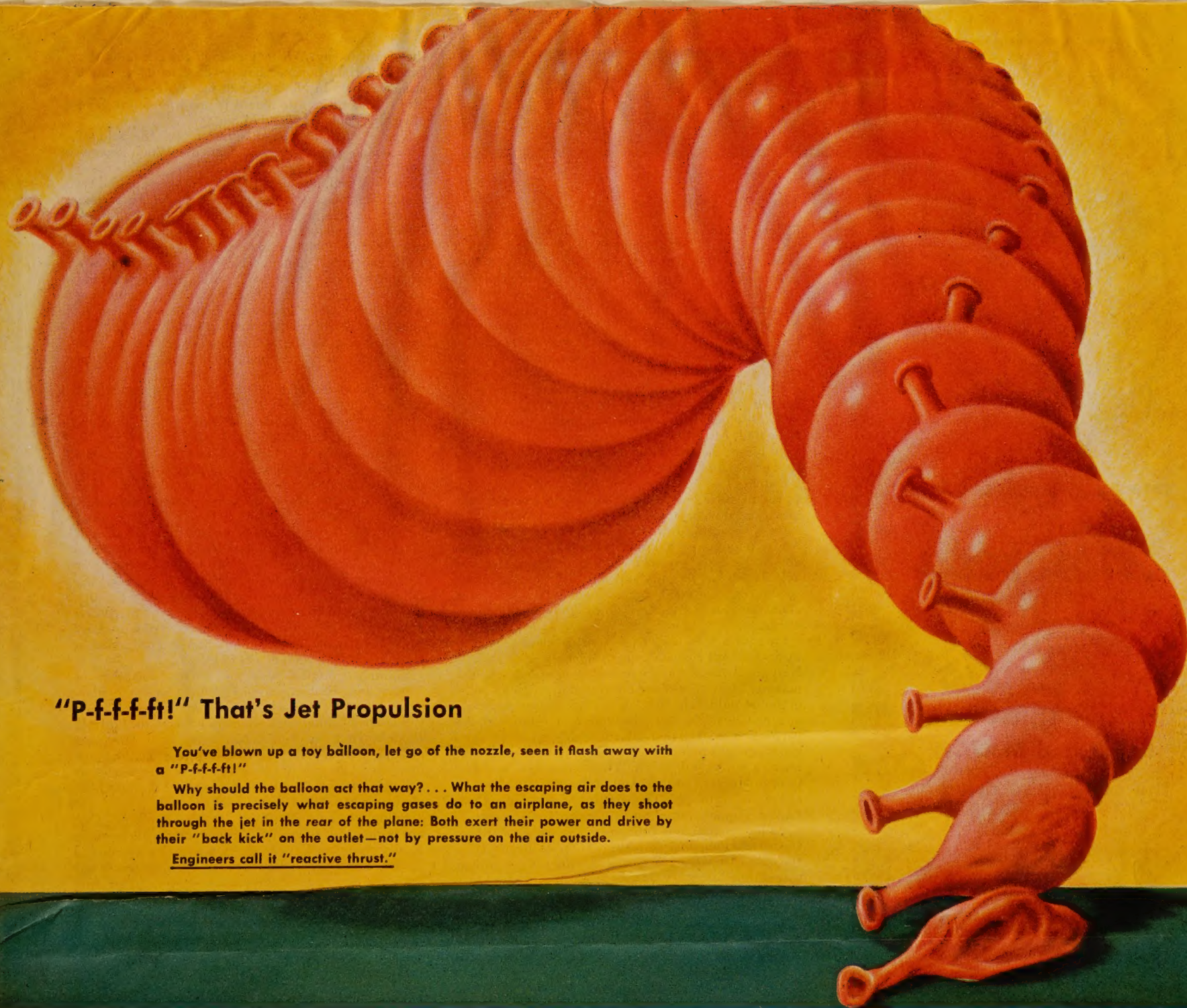
Silliman's original idea was to write a story of frustration. He had planned to have his main character killed by a stray shell before he could reach the front to take over his command. But Lorimer thought that an even better story could be built around a man who is plunged into that toughest of spots—the one a green officer is in when he is commanding seasoned veterans who know nothing about his capabilities and courage.

Silliman's sight is coming back to him now. One eye is gone, but the extensive hemorrhage in the other is absorbing itself. At the moment, his trouble is having too much light enter his eye, and he is not quite ready for corrective glasses. Recently, striving to see what it was like when he did not have them, he took a packet of matches and punched a small hole in its cover. Standing near a window, he looked out of it through the hole. In great excitement, he said to those near him, "Hey, I can see that girl's legs out there, and they're beautiful." After that, his friends felt he was going to be all right.

Lorimer has learned not to read any of the writings produced by the group out loud to the others, without first glancing over them himself. Sometimes they aren't so good, and, having them publicly read embarrasses the author and the other members of the group. Nor does he ask the men he works with what their wartime experiences have been. Usually, they tell him such things voluntarily, and about the problems they are trying to work out, and such confidences help him to suggest subjects for them to write about. Before the group meets, he has private conferences with those who want to talk a writing job over with him. Thus closeted, he can be completely honest, and give hints, suggestions and criticism without embarrassing a man in front of the others.

At Valley Forge, as in any other Army hospital, inertia is the enemy of those who are working to re-equip the patients for a competitive world. "In spite of all you can do, indolence sets in," said Maj. R. N. Walker, in charge of the Valley Forge reconditioning service, "and it's important for them to have something interesting to do. We're going to teach men a lot of things. Among them are auto mechanics, wood-working, stenography and public speaking, and we're hoping to get a new building to teach them in. If we do, the writing classes will be bigger."

Listening to him makes you think of the people who say glibly, "The public is fed up on war stuff. They want to forget it." Maybe people like Silliman and Davenport would like to forget it too. But they can't. Perhaps what they have to say will be disturbing, but it'll be real. And it'll be honest.



"P-f-f-ft!" That's Jet Propulsion

You've blown up a toy balloon, let go of the nozzle, seen it flash away with a "P-f-f-ft!"

Why should the balloon act that way? . . . What the escaping air does to the balloon is precisely what escaping gases do to an airplane, as they shoot through the jet in the rear of the plane: Both exert their power and drive by their "back kick" on the outlet—not by pressure on the air outside.

Engineers call it "reactive thrust."

Shell scientists explore the future in a new laboratory devoted to jet propulsion fuel and lubricants

COMPARED with the internal combustion engine, the jet propulsion power plant seems almost ridiculously simple . . .

Yet like everything else, there's more to it than meets the eye.

In the jet propulsion engine now used by our armed forces, compressed air is heated to a high degree in a combustion chamber—building up more pressure by the attempt of the air to expand as it is heated, and stimulating the mingled molecules of air and combustion gases.

The trick is to apply as much heat as possible, with minimum fuel deposits on "the works," and to consume as little fuel as possible.

Shell has built and put into operation a new laboratory devoted to the perfection of jet pro-

pulsion fuel and lubricants. To give you an idea, the test burner (used to heat the molecules) produces more than 250 times the heat of a residential oil burner, and the \$150,000 compressor takes the space of a six-room, two-story dwelling.

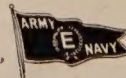
This compressor, of course, would be waste equipment in an airplane. In a plane, air rushes and is sucked into "scoops" in the front of the wings—the speed of the plane building up part of the pressure. But to duplicate this for study, in a laboratory that can't fly, the huge compressor is necessary.

Jet propulsion studies have been under way for months in the new Shell research laboratory. Accomplishments are a military secret. But you can be sure that the Research which first supplied the Army with "the

makings" of 100 octane aviation fuel is now making important progress in this new undertaking.

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*Horizons widen
through
Shell Research*

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My men will look like that, I thought. They will look at me and wonder, just as these men are doing.

Replacement

By Lt. CHARLES A. SILLIMAN

**Would he make good?
Rushed into action as a leader
of battle-seasoned men, the
green young officer faced the
toughest test of his life.**

DARKNESS . . . light . . . sky . . . hard ground . . . arm dangling—my left arm—pain . . . then numbness . . . hard to breathe . . . got to breathe . . . everything going round . . . going through space . . . blood dripping: So this is how it is to die. O God, I hope it comes quickly. Way back home they'll be getting a telegram, "Killed in action." They won't know—they may never know. . . . Oh, pain! My shoulder. . . . Maybe if I move my arm—drag it up alongside my body—put it under my head like this—my left cheek on my wrist — Ah, that's better.

Just a replacement—just a guy with a bar and a number and a destination unknown. I wanted to get to know the boys, to gain their confidence, to get their respect. Old men, I knew, resented replacement

officers coming out and telling them what to do, when they'd already been through it and knew. They'd respect a leader. By an act of Congress I had become a leader. How simple that had seemed.

Ah, this damn shoulder! Put my arm back down again along my side—little more comfortable there. Put my head on the ground. . . . That's a pebble, sticking into my ear.

There was a pebble sticking into my ear another night—yes, I remember that, all right. That was the night we joined the division. I was sleeping on the ground, waiting until the next day, when they'd call out a group of names and say, "All right. You go in that truck. You go to the — Infantry."

Then, early the next morning, they gave us a hot chow and we got on the trucks and moved up. The road was crowded. Wonderful target for an airplane. One did come over, and the antiaircraft guns started popping. All the trucks stopped; men flew everywhere—into the ditches, under the trucks. We were all scared. Then we felt silly because the plane was away up; it disappeared shortly.

What a bunch of rookies we were! But we didn't know—we didn't know where to go, what to do. There were no old soldiers there to tip us off. They broke us up again, a little farther on, and sent the truck I was in with about ten officers to regimental headquarters of

the — Infantry. We waited while a mud-spattered officer with tired gray eyes took our names and whether we had had training as rifle-platoon officers or heavy weapons or antitank. It was quiet there—very quiet—sort of stillness of death or waiting for the unexpected—like it is now.

Gosh, it's quiet. Nobody in sight. If I raise my head I can see my foxhole—where I was and where Sergeant Weston should be now—and there are the other foxholes, where the rest of my men are, all waiting.

Ah, now it's getting noisy up on the hill there where the attack is coming from. More yelling and screaming and machine-gun and rifle fire. Wonder if they'll overrun those positions and come down on top of us. Cannulli's men can't hold out forever. . . . I don't want to lie here all day! What's the matter with them?

Maybe the sergeant thinks I'm dead. Better call out and let him know: "Hey, Wes! I'm okay! I'm still alive; my shoulder and back 're all torn to pieces, but I'm okay! Tell them to send out a stretcher!"

They don't answer. Just the noise on top of the hill. Funny, the way those German machine guns sound. Must have a lot of automatics too. There's one that sounds a little higher than the others. That's funny — Oh, God—that's a shell! It's getting louder. I don't care. Let it hit, tear me to pieces. Get this thing over with. . . . Wham!

Boy, that was a close one. I guess they're starting to shell the area again. Got to think about something else; they won't be able to get me now for hours, maybe, now they've started shelling. What was I thinking about before — Oh, yeah, the regiment.

The officer took our names. Then he read off the first five, and my name was on it.

"You go to the third battalion," he said, "you men. There'll be a vehicle here soon to take you up. We lost contact with them a couple of hours, but we think we've been able to get

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ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD VON SCHMIDT

lives across the street, in a house that was erected by an ancestor, Jonathan Hale, in 1750, is now ninety years old. But only the other morning, after a severe snowstorm, I saw him riding on the apex of a triangular snowplow that he had made from three pieces of lumber. Perched just a few inches from the ground and behind the hoofs of his horse, he suddenly leaped to his feet and trotted through the snow behind his horse with all the ease of a sixteen-year-old boy. In the summer, I watch him as he drives slowly down to the meadow, there to put in a long twelve-hour day pitching hay.

He is a gentle man, too, with the face of a ripe apple that has been left too long on the tree. A few wrinkles, yes, but still sound to the core and slightly rosy on the surface. Once, when my puppy chased one of his roosters, he brought the culprit home to me.

"I love dogs, sir. Like them a darned sight better than roosters. But roosters mean food."

There was neither rancor, anger nor excitement in his voice. Just a plain, unvarnished statement of fact. A few days later, after another heavy snowstorm, as my son was clearing away the snow from the RFD box, this hale and hearty Mr. Hale came over with his shovel. "Seein' that my box is here, too, I'd better do my share." And he did.

The Meaning of Democracy

DOWN the road a bit lives Bert Moseley, who runs the dairy and truck farm and who supplies raw Grade A milk to a few of his neighbors. Bert has a good reputation in town both for the quality of his milk and for the quality of his life. After the first big snowstorm last year, I was ruefully surveying the fifty-yard driveway into my garage and wondering how many weeks it would take to get it cleared, when I heard the noise of a motor. It was Bert with a plow attached to the rear of his tractor. In a matter of seconds, the driveway was clear. I watched him as he cleared every driveway within a half-mile radius of his house.

He refuses to be paid for doing it. "That's just Bert Moseley's way. He likes to do things for people," a neighbor explained.

Bert doesn't have any children, but he keeps a pony on his farm, and all the children take advantage of the chance to ride him. Bert's great-great-grandfather, Capt. Isaac Moseley, is written into the town records as one of the first to respond to the call when the militia marched northward toward Bunker Hill. Bert still tills the same soil as his ancestors.

My barber is a first-generation American of Italian descent. He is a veteran of the first World War and his Americanism is as real as any other in town. Twenty years ago, he came into the town and settled there. When you step into his little shop, you know that it is the creation of a man who loves it. There is a radio somewhere playing soft music and the atmosphere is warm and cozy. There are a few potted plants, and the rather elaborate paneling over the old walls indicates that the proprietor has plowed back a good portion of his earnings into his place of business.

My garageman, Jim Melody, probably works harder than anybody else in town. He does the work of three men in keeping town busses, tractors and farm trucks in repair, meanwhile repairing tires and starting cars of inept former city dwellers. I have never seen a man who smiles so constantly and who means it. His sister, who takes telephone calls, is frequently by his side in the garage. She doesn't do repair work, but it is plain to see that this is a joint enterprise for them. Two or three nights a week, Jim conducts classes in tractor repairing for neighborhood farmers. He is doing that at Government request. Jim even smiles when he tells you he's been working fourteen hours a day. "There was a fire in town last night and they called me at four o'clock in the morning." The only time I have seen the smile leave his face was when a couple of drunken warworkers had run their car into a ditch and were racing the wheels on the glazed ice. "When I got there, the tires were smoking. It was a crime to see that good rubber being wasted."

Some people shun small towns because they feel that they owe it to their children to send them to a big city school with a lot of technical equipment and a specialized staff of teachers. My own children attended school in the city, an area considered to be among the richest per capita in the United States. They got a lot of modern schooling, but, unfortunately, didn't learn how to read or write well.

Despite this, I had some misgivings about the small-town high school. Perhaps again we have been fortunate. But I knew that when my daughter came home and said, "What a funny way to teach history—making us study the history of the town," I was encouraged. That history teacher, white-haired Miss Clarke, has been doing that for years. Class after class has passed through her hands. And each has learned, first of all, the beginnings of the microcosm, the town. They learned who the men were who founded it. What their ideals were. Some of the trouble and travail they encountered. Their dealings with the Indians. They learned that up the road just a few yards lived the Smith sisters, who fought valiantly for woman suffrage, the first protagonists of this cause in the United States.

Then, when they have learned the story of our town, and not until then, do they pass on to the governmental structure of the state, and here the story is repeated. Miss Clarke's children, even if they do not go beyond high school, have a grounding in American history that will make them immune from all the strange isms that inevitably arise from time to time.

I like to think, too, that as these children study the history of their own bit of country they can look out the school window to the hills beyond. There they can see the graveyard in which many of these men who built the first America lie buried. In such a setting, history is a living thing, and those who study it must necessarily feel themselves a link in a chain that reaches from the past and stretches out to the future.

I like my town, too, because each day as I go to work I pass the ancient town hall, set back on a pleasant green. I know that the taxes I pay on my home, to pay the cost of Miss Clarke's services, to pay Chief Hall's salary and to pay for all the other services that I get, will be decided in the open forum of the town hall. Those taxes will be levied on me not through hidden taxes imposed on me by men far removed, but by my neighbors. I know that I will have a chance to have my say in all these matters. I like that kind of direct action. It gives me the feeling of having a hand in things, of being master rather than servant of my government. It is a nice feeling.

And yet none of my neighbors suffers from any false pride. Take the man next door. He's retired from business and must be pushing seventy. He likes to read the morning *Courant* himself, and was annoyed when boy-power shortages led to discontinuance of early-morning deliveries. So he decided to do it himself. He hasn't missed yet, despite the toughest winter we've had in years. I've never seen Mr. Fauntleroy on his morning rounds. He's much too early for me. But I dare say he has lost not a whit of his essential dignity, despite the bag of papers flung over his shoulder.

Two Worlds

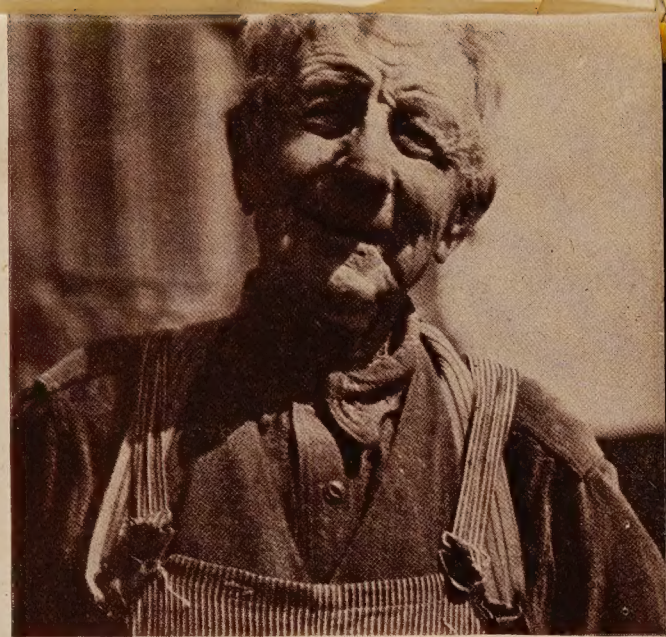
NOW, all these recent experiences have led me to believe that two different worlds actually exist in America—the world of the city-apartment dweller and the world of the small-town resident. The majority of the former seem to have changed their sights from the original goal of freedom and now have them focused on security. There was a time when our aim seemed to be making this a nation of rich people. Now it seems to be making us into a nation of secure people.

Nowhere except in small towns like mine does it now seem to be important that the individual retain his independence of thought and action, to throw aside the garb of impersonality and become a real person.

This, I suppose, is because the city dweller has no real contact with the basic things of living. He has no real possessions except, perhaps, the clothes he wears and the furniture in his apartment. He may have a right also to demand certain bits of metal and paper, so that he can go to a great cash-and-carry store and pick up packaged foodstuffs that other people made or grew. But he is remote from the sources of all these things. He is even remote from the finished product that he may be helping to make in his daily work. Perhaps it is a screw, a bolt, a piece of fabric—one tiny item that will ultimately be hidden in the vast finished product that is made up of thousands of other products made by thousands of other men like him.

If he lives in an apartment house, somebody else even worries about

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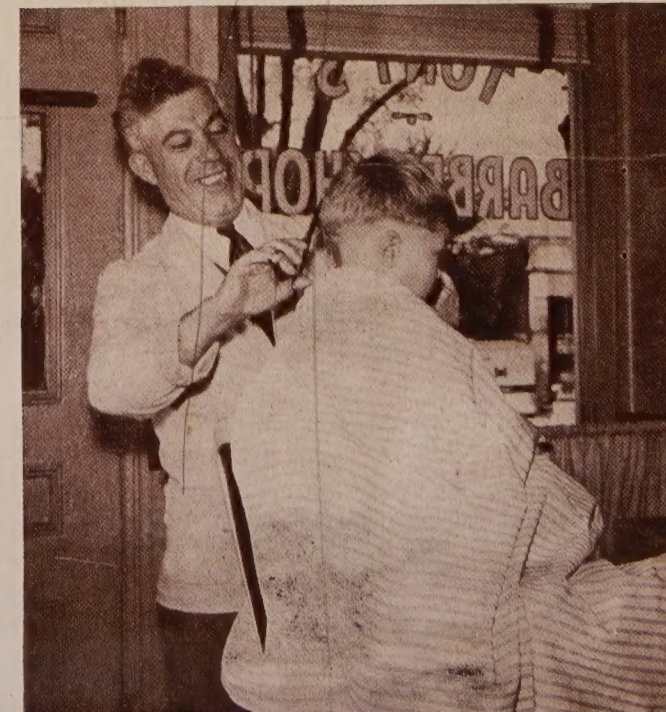


Will Hale, 90, valued friend and good neighbor, who lives across the street from author Murphy.



Jim Melody, garageman. "I have never seen a man who smiles so constantly and means it."

Antonio Tordonato . . . "has plowed back a good portion of his earnings into his place of business."



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Suppliers of Oil Filters and Elements to the United States,
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SPEED FINAL VICTORY—BUY WAR BONDS

REPLACEMENT

(Continued from Page 16)

them now. Just sit down and take it easy."

Then he turned to the other officers and assigned them to a battalion.

Lost contact—ye gods, what did that mean? Probably in a fight. We will get thrown in at the last minute, after all.

We lay and sat there quietly for about an hour. Some of us closed our eyes, but I don't think anybody slept. We were nervous—very nervous. It was late afternoon by that time; chow was just being got ready to be served. Suddenly from nowhere men appeared—men with dirty clothing and bearded faces, wise-cracking and clanking their mess gear—some of them eying us indifferently as they passed.

My men will look like that, I thought. They will look at me and wonder, just as these men are doing. I felt suddenly afraid of myself, a little as you do when you set your foot on new ice and wonder if it will bear.

Finally, after chow, our vehicle arrived. We piled our stuff in and started up to the forward battalion. The road was deeply rutted and wound for miles through an arcade of trees. When we arrived at last we were covered from head to foot with thick layers of dust and dirt.

The battalion adjutant met us, took our names again, and told us that the

colonel would be out presently. A group of company commanders squatted near a hedgerow and talked quietly.

A big heavy-set man with a great shaggy mustache was walking toward us. I thought for a minute that he might be a sergeant or an enlisted man. Then, as he got closer, I could see the silver leaf of a lieutenant colonel pinned to his collar. He didn't waste any time.

He asked each one of us what our job had been in the Army, and then said, "All right. I'm going to put you two in K Company, and you, captain"—there was one captain with us—"I'll put you in K Company too. You stick close to Captain Neely until you get used to combat. Maybe then I'll have a company for you." He looked at me and said, "You go to L Company," and he assigned the other officer to L Company too.

"We've just come out of a fight," he said, "and we're waiting for further orders. We may go into another tonight, and we may not go into one until tomorrow. We've been hoping to get a little rest, but don't count too much on it. I want to welcome you to this battalion. We think it's the best battalion in the regiment, and even in the division. We're known as a fighting battalion. We've never failed to get an objective, once we've started out for it, and we've never had to ask for help. Sometimes we didn't know how long it would take us, but we always got it."

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The Little Yellow Flower That Turned to Gold

MONEY in your own back yard is the stuff dreams are made of, but George A. Campbell proved to his neighbors of Bigtimber, Montana, that such dreams can come true with a gratifying bang. For years, a small plant with tiny yellow flowers had been springing up in abundant patches in their gardens, fields, sheep corrals and over the mountainsides. It came to be known as "that cursed poisonous weed," for it was so fatal to chickens and turkeys that ranchers had to destroy every trace of it that appeared near their poultry houses.

Then George Campbell began to wonder if there mightn't be some use for this weed. The ranchers pooh-poohed the idea; nevertheless, he took a bouquet of the dirty yellow flowers to a chemist.

"That's henbane," the chemist told him. "Find much of it? It's worth a pretty penny on the market—a dollar and a quarter a pound, dried."

Henbane, it turned out, is much in demand today for medicinal purposes. More properly called *Hyoscyamus niger*, it is the source of several poisonous drugs, including tincture of hyoscyamus and hyoscine, that are useful in the treatment of a number of ills.

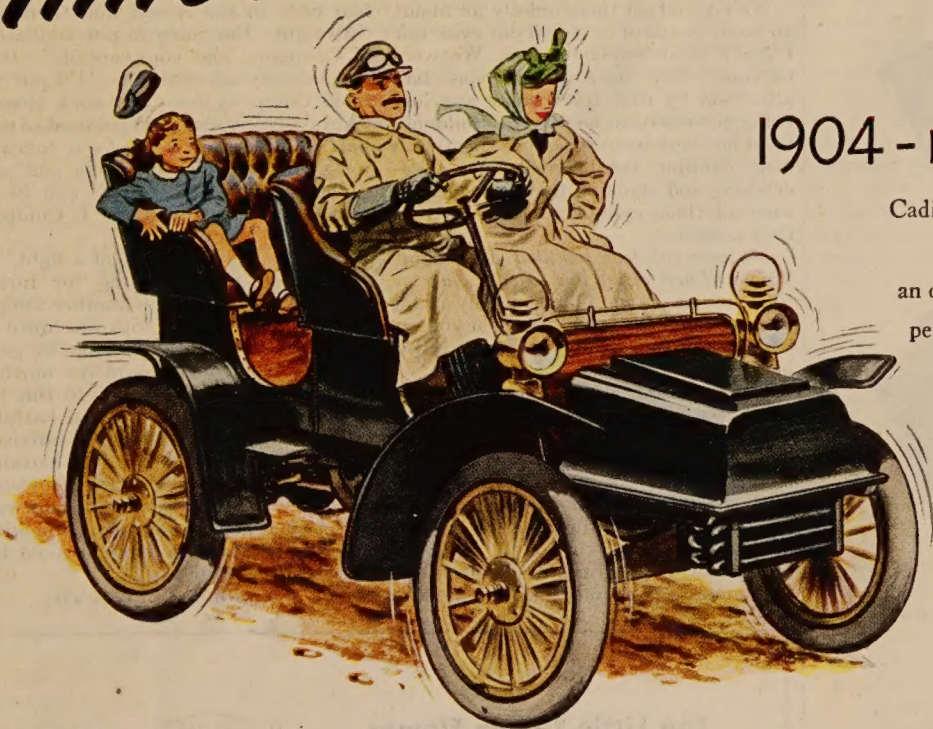
Campbell hurried home and worked day and night in the henbane patch on the mountainside. The ranchers thought he was crazy, especially when he hired every available man, woman and child in the community to pick henbane for him at eight cents a pound. On top of this, he hired another man during the season—June, July and August—to help put up drying racks, and he gave 320 days' work



to women who averaged from three to seven dollars a day stripping leaves and flowers for drying. In all, he spent a pretty penny himself—something between \$4000 and \$5000 for labor, lumber and transportation. But he sold 43,000 pounds of henbane at \$1.25 a pound. So the profit was pretty too.

That was in 1943, and since then Bigtimber has enjoyed a new prosperity. School kids make enough in one season to send themselves through college or help stock a ranch. Enough henbane has gone to seed each year so that, thus far, the supply has been good. Apparently the plant does not lend itself to cultivation, but grows profusely in old sheep corrals, waste grounds, cemeteries and in the mountains. No two reference books agree about the states where it may be found; evidently the full extent of its growth has not yet been determined. You may even have a few thousand dollars' worth of it spreading itself around your own neighborhood. —PEARL P. PUCKETT.

Time Makes **GOOD** Things Better!

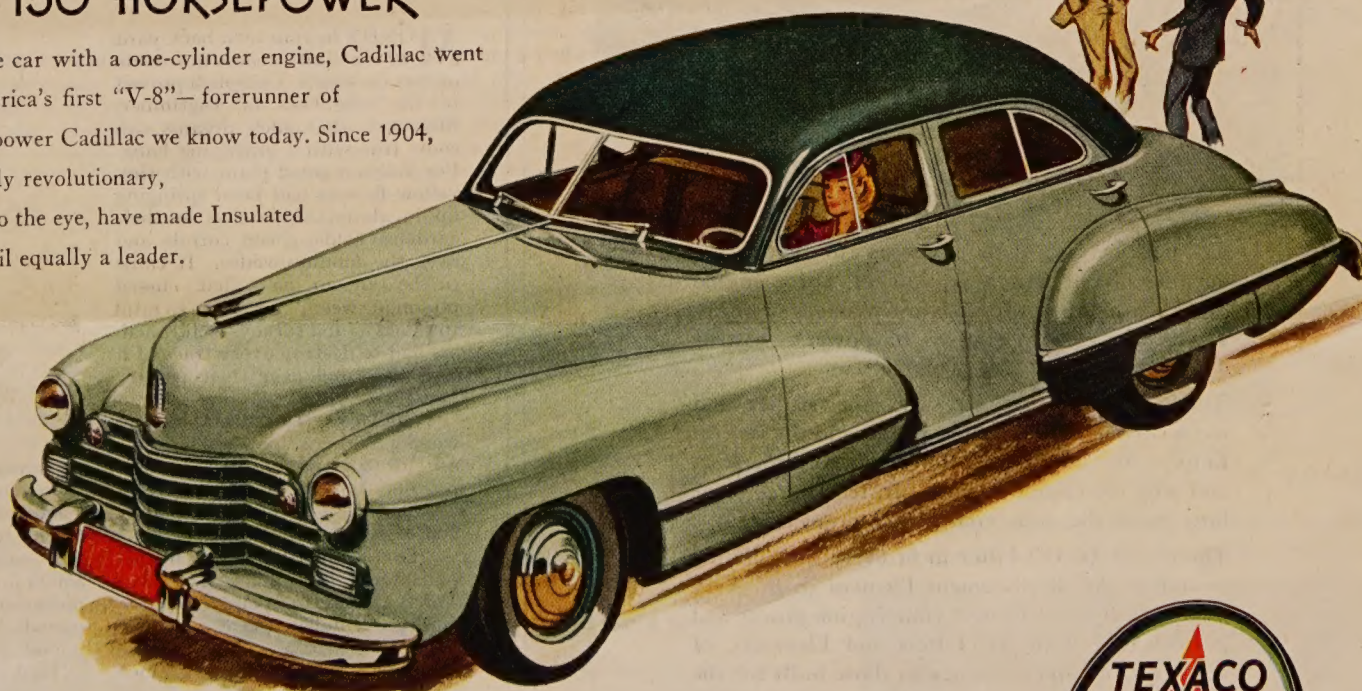


1904 - 10 HORSEPOWER

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(Continued from Page 46)

"I expect my officers to be aggressive, to know their men, to make decisions quickly and stick by them. I keep close watch on them. And I'll court-martial the first officer I see lying down on the job or taking cover before his men take cover! There's one thing I want you to remember, and that is, under shellfire, keep moving. The men want to hug the ground, but you've got to keep them moving. If it gets too heavy and concentrated, then take cover, but move forward as soon as you can. I hope I get a chance to speak to each one of you more personally later. You'll find your company commanders over there by that hedgerow."

He made a sign to signify that he was through with us, and we saluted, rather halfheartedly, for we weren't sure whether we should have saluted or not. Most of us had heard, from one source or another, that you didn't salute when you were at the front, but we didn't know. We felt awkward and foolish and very conspicuous.

The company commanders got up from where they were squatting and introduced themselves. Then we all dispersed, going toward our respective company locations.

The company commander of Company L led the way across the field to a narrow dirt road and started along it to a group of shell-torn houses. Funny to think that this was a French road. It might have been a road in any state back in America; might have been the one that wound down to my home in the Connecticut hills. We reached the first house. It had at one time been a farmhouse, made of stone, two stories high; the roof was all smashed in and all the windows were gone. There were loose piles of brick all around it.

Inside, there was a long wooden table in the center of the room. An officer sat at the table, a pile of letters by his side which he was censoring. A soldier was heating a canteen cup of coffee on a portable gasoline burner. Another man sat on the bottom step of the stairs with his head in his hands, very quiet. He looked as though he might be asleep.

The captain said with enthusiasm, but his face showing no emotion, "Lester, old buddy, we got some new officers."

Lester looked up from the pile of letters, smiled slowly and said, "That's the best news we've had in a week!"

I wondered how they felt toward us or whether they felt anything. You couldn't tell; their eyes weren't hostile, but they weren't friendly. They accepted you, but they were indifferent.

The captain introduced us and we stood around uneasily. Then the officer named Lester said, "Any dope from the old man about how long we're going to be here?"

"He doesn't know yet. He's going to let us know tonight."

A man came in the door with a bag of mail and, without a word, set it on the floor. Suddenly, men seemed to come from everywhere, all talking excitedly.

The man sitting on the steps lifted his face from his hands and called loudly, "If you don't all get out of here and get back to your holes, none of you will get any mail! Where do you think we are, anyway?"

Men mumbled under their breaths and slowly backed out of the house. The mailman sorted out the mail by platoons and handed a juicy stack to one man sent in from each platoon.

The captain gestured to the man on the steps and said, "That's Sergeant Fairchild, the first sergeant."

I looked at him with some surprise, as he wore no rank at all. Nobody did up at the front, I learned—that is, where you could see it.

The captain must have sensed my surprise, for he added, "You'd better take those bars off your shoulders, lieutenant. Snipers, you know. Lester and I just wear them on our collars. Most of the sergeants don't wear any stripes at all. And, incidentally, it might be a good idea, when you get to your platoon, to tell them to call you just by your last name or your first. Most of the jerries can understand English." He took off his helmet and scratched his head. "Let's see. Are most of the platoon sergeants here now?"

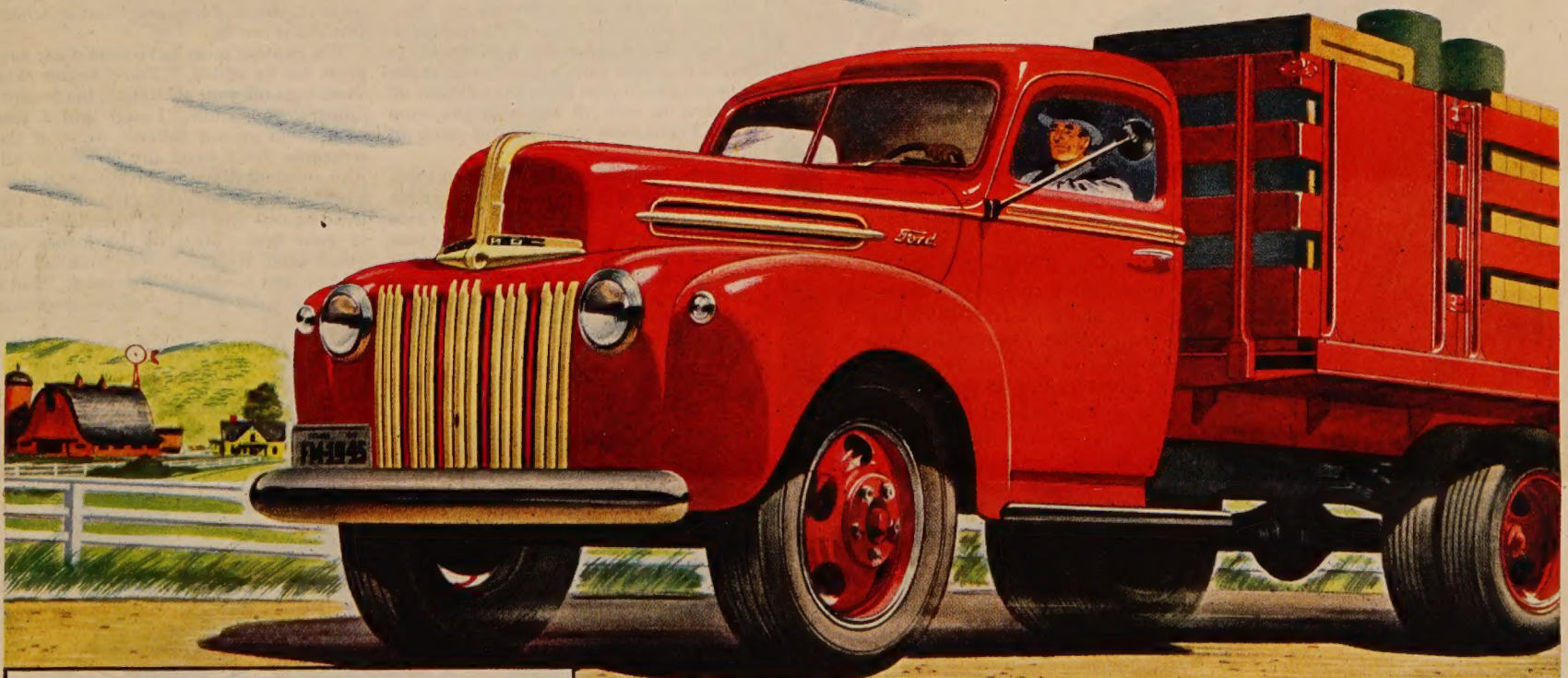
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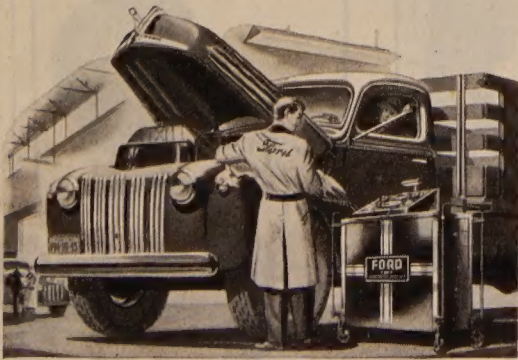
"... six, seven, eight, nine, ten, Jack, Queen, King."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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ALSO: Bug-a-boo Victory Garden Spray, Bug-a-boo Moth Crystals

(Continued from Page 48)

Sergeant Fairchild looked at the group of men outside the door. "There's Weston and Trumbauer," he said. "Just a minute." He rose wearily and went over to the door and yelled, "Hey, Kreech! Run down and send up all the platoon sergeants, will you?" Then he returned to his seat on the steps and sat down and put his head in his hands again.

The captain spoke again to us. He didn't look at us. He didn't look at anyone, I noticed—just a glance and then he'd look away. "Might as well introduce you to your platoon sergeants now, so you can go back with them and get your foxholes dug before it gets dark. No telling what may happen tonight." He went over to the mantelshelf and took down a map. "While we're waiting for the platoon sergeants to come, I'll orient you."

He spread the map out on the table and we looked over his shoulder. He pointed to a road marked by a dark line on the map.

"That's the road we just walked up," he said, "and here's the house we're in now." He pointed to a little rectangle. Then he ran his finger along the road past a couple more rectangles into a patch of green which represented woods.

"This woods is about a hundred yards up the road," he said. "The first platoon is along the edge of that woods. On the right of it is a high hill"—shown by circular brown lines on more green—"I've got the second and third platoons deployed up there on our flank. As far as we know, there are no units on our right. Therefore, if we get a counter-attack tonight, it will most likely come from that direction. K Company is on our left, tied in with our first platoon, and beyond them the first battalion is supposed to be moving up, to get on line with us." He pointed to a little open spot just this side of the woods. "My Sixties are set up in there."

While he was talking, his words raced through my mind: open right flank . . . counterattack . . . 60's in the little open spot this side of the woods. Mortars were my specialty; I'd have to get to know that little open spot.

The captain went on talking. "Jerry's somewhere out there." He pointed to the area outside our positions. Then he straightened up and sighed. "That's all we know."

"One question, captain?" I asked. "How've you been firing your mortars?"

He ran his fingers through his black hair and sighed again. "Well, lieutenant, to be perfectly frank with you, we haven't been having too much luck with our mortars. The procedure has been to attach them individually to platoons, but Lester and I have been talking it over with Weston, the mortar sergeant, and we think it would be better if we fired them in battery." He paused a minute, glanced at me and glanced away, and said, "I understand you've had some experience with mortars. That right?"

"Yes, sir," I replied. "A little."

"Well, I'm going to put you with the weapons platoon. You can try firing them in battery, and let me know how it

works out. Incidentally, the colonel likes his mortars and uses them all the time, so you'll have your hands full."

"Yes, sir," I said, and grinned awkwardly. There was a commotion at the door, and four soldiers ambled in, whom I presumed to be the platoon sergeants. They were very dirty and had a few days' growth of beard on their faces. One of them had a very black mustache. Their uniforms were almost white with dust, and their collars and necks were black with grime. They all carried carbines. They assorted themselves about the room.

One of them went over and sat down beside Sergeant Fairchild on the steps, and asked, "What's the matter, sarge?"

The sergeant raised his head from his hands, looked at the man beside him and then resumed his first posture.

The captain swept the four men with his gaze, lifted his right leg and placed his foot on one of the chairs. He leaned forward with his elbow on his knee.

"Here's the situation as it stands. I think we're to be here for the night. I want fifty per cent of the men awake. First battalion is on our left, and, as far as I know, nobody but Jerry is on our

right and front.

The old man didn't tell me this, but I'm telling you—you can expect anything tonight, even a counterattack."

He indicated us. "These are two new officers. I'm putting one with the weapons platoon and one with the second." He returned to me and said, "The little fellow over there with the black mustache is Sergeant Weston, of the weapons platoon."

The sergeant grinned and stuck out his hand. I shook it.

The platoon sergeants started filing out of the room. Sergeant Weston offered me a cigarette as we turned to the door.

"Thanks, I've got one of my own,"

I said, but he insisted that I take one of his. He lit a match and held it for me, and I noticed that his hand shook badly. Our eyes met for a long minute; then he lowered his to light his own cigarette.

"You've been with the outfit a long time?" I asked.

He took a steady drag on his cigarette, blew out the smoke with a sigh and smiled faintly. "Ever since I left the States, almost two years ago. Made the landing in Africa, went through Tunisia, landed in Sicily, fought through those hills, landed in Normandy a few days after D day. We cut the Cherbourg Peninsula, captured Cherbourg, and now here I am, still going. Yes," he added as an afterthought, staring out the door at the distant horizon where the sun was going down, "I've been with the outfit a long time." Then he looked at me. "How about you, lieutenant? How long have you been in?"

"Little over a year. Graduated from OCS last December; then I was assigned to a unit training in the States. They put me on the battalion staff as S-Three. All I did was make up training schedules. Then they broke us up. Sent us all out as replacements." I hesitated. Then I said uncertainly, "I never had any real experience with troops. All I know about

(Continued on Page 56)

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Condiments

57



But Things Are Not Always What They Seem!

STOW IT, MATE!
I GOT EYES—
AND THAT'S A NEAT
JOB IF I EVER
SAW ONE!



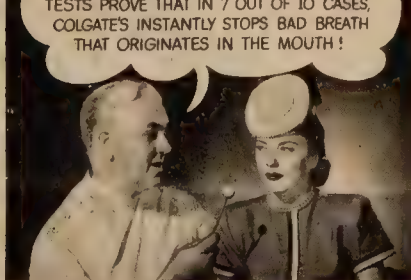
JEES, PAL!
THERE'S NOTHING
WRONG WITH
THAT LITTLE
DESTROYER!

NOTHING HER DENTIST
COULDN'T FIX, STEVE!
BUT UNTIL HE FIXES
THAT BREATH OF HERS—
PROCEED AT YOUR
OWN RISK!

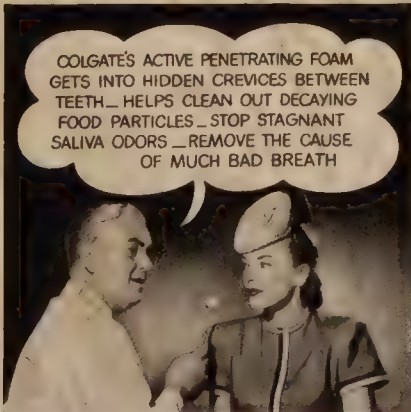


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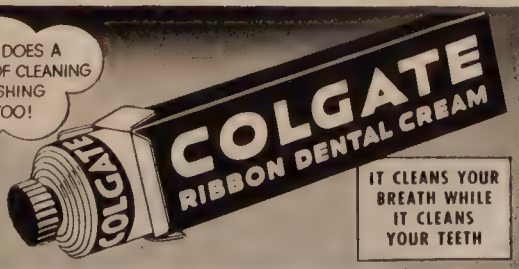
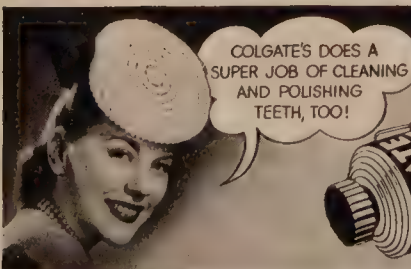
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

HI, STEVE!
WHAT
GIVES?

THINGS ARE REALLY
WHAT THEY SEEM!
EVERYTHING IS
ON THE BEAM!



COLGATE'S DOES A
SUPER JOB OF CLEANING
AND POLISHING
TEETH, TOO!



IT CLEANS YOUR
BREATH WHILE
IT CLEANS
YOUR TEETH

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the infantry is what I had in school and what they taught us in basic."

There was a slight pause. Then he said, with a friendly smile, "Come on and I'll show you where the platoon is and introduce you to some of the boys. Then you can pick a spot and dig your own foxhole."

We walked out of the house and up the road a little ways; then we turned off and started for the woods. It was very quiet now. All the men had gone back to their positions. The sun had gone down over the trees and night was descending rapidly.

"It's about time for the shelling to start," the sergeant said. "It always does about this time of night."

"You mean the Germans—jerry?" I asked innocently.

"Both," he replied. "Theirs and ours."

Almost as if he had ordered it, there was a shrill whine in the air. I started to duck nervously. The sergeant kept on walking.

"That's one of ours," he said, not paying any attention to me. "It's going right over our heads. When they sound like that, you don't have to worry about them. It's when they get louder and louder, you start taking cover."

The shell crashed somewhere far to the front of us. Then, like the beating of a big bass drum, many guns opened up to our rear: "Boom! Boom! Boom!" A pause, then: "Boom! Boom! Boom!" again. We could hear shells whine overhead, one after another, then the explosions as they hit in front of us, and dimly, above the sound of the explosions, the guns could be heard still going off: "Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!" Suddenly, above the shrill whistle of our shells, I heard a more strident sound. It was getting louder. I glanced quickly at the sergeant; he was on his way toward the ground. I think I got there a full ten seconds before he did. The shell exploded in a field across the road. Shrapnel sang through the trees. Then all was quiet again. The sergeant looked over at me and grinned from ear to ear.

"Now you are getting the idea, lieutenant."

I grinned back, but this time I didn't feel awkward. It was sort of a feeling of relief. I knew the sergeant understood about me and, more than that, I felt

he had become my friend.

"Come on," he said, getting to his feet. "It's not much farther, and there'll be more of those. I guess you'd better sleep with me tonight. You won't have time to dig a hole, and I've got a fairly big one."

We walked rapidly on and soon came to the edge of a clearing. There were a few small trees in the center of it. On the right was a high bank, at the top of which were more trees, and above that rose a very steep hill. Along the edge of the bank and just in the shelter of the trees, I saw a man sitting on the edge of a foxhole, eating out of a C-ration can. As we got closer, I could see more foxholes in a zigzag line among the trees, with the men putting camouflage over them, and some had even piled sticks over the top and dirt on top of that. The sergeant pointed to the clearing, which had two or three scattered trees in the center of it. The three mortars were down there, he said. I looked and couldn't see a thing.

He must have understood, for he said, "We've got them pretty well camouflaged, even to the ammo, which has the correct charge on it, pins pulled and all ready to be dropped down the barrel of the mortar. I'll take you down later to look at them. The men are all dug in around here to be near the guns," and he pointed to the holes.

We walked over to the man eating from the can.

Weston said, "Biggs, this is our new lieutenant." Then he explained to me, "Sergeant Biggs has the first squad."

Sergeant Biggs stood up and shook my hand. He was a nice-looking fellow, short, with a serious face, and I guess about twenty-three years of age.

"Where is Mills?" Weston asked. Biggs turned his head and called, "Hey, Mills, come here a minute, will you?"

A tall blond-headed youth of about nineteen sauntered over. He talked with a Midwestern drawl.

"Whatcha want, sarge?" he asked.

Weston introduced me to him, saying, "Mills is our wire man." Then, to Mills, he said, "Did you get that wire laid up to the first platoon? Also up on the hill to the second platoon?"

"Shore did, sarge," he replied lazily. "As a matter of fact, just got back."



THE SATURDAY
EVENING POST

et from a synthetic rubber tire ?



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trouble.
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save tires*



All-Weather—T.M. The Goodyear T. & R. Co.

EAR

ON ANY OTHER KIND

Sergeant Weston turned to me and said, "I think we ought to keep an observer with both first and second platoons tonight. What do you think, lieutenant?"

"Good idea, sergeant," I replied. "Have you got somebody who could do that?"

"Well, Mills has been doing most of it. I'll pick another man to help him. How about it, Biggs? Have you got another man I can borrow for tonight?"

Biggs thought a minute. "How about Finney?"

"Okay," the sergeant said, "send him up on the hill. . . . Mills, you take the first platoon."

Mills turned on his heel to go, then hesitated. "Shall I take all my equipment with me, sarge?" he asked.

"Hell, Mills," Weston said, "I don't care what you take with you, just so you get up there. But if I were you, I'd just take my rifle and helmet and—here, I'll give you my binoculars." He took off his binoculars and gave them to Mills, and then said, "Finney will need binoculars too. . . . May he borrow yours, lieutenant?"

I handed him mine. He gave them to Biggs. "Give these to Finney, will you, Biggs?" he said. "And tell him to get up the hill as quick as he can. There is no telling what jerry is going to do tonight."

As we walked over to Weston's foxhole, Biggs called out, "Hey, Wes, is it fifty up and fifty down as usual tonight?"

Wes called back, "That's right. Arrange your hours with the other two squads."

When we reached the hole, I took off my pack and dropped it on the ground. Weston sat down and dangled his feet over the edge of his foxhole. It was almost dark now. He rubbed his forehead and eyes wearily with his hand.

"I'm tired," he said. "Think I'll catch a little sleep."

I sank down beside him. "How about the rest of the platoon?" I asked.

"Well," he sighed, "the other two mortar squads are down at the bottom of the hill. You can see them if you want. The machine-gun section is split up between the first and second platoons. I would have taken you up to see them, but it is too dark now, and it's best not to do too much walking around after dark. You're likely to get shot by one of your own men. They've been pretty jittery lately. Incidentally, in case you have to use it, the password tonight is 'New York,' and the countersign is 'Washington.'" He reached over and picked up a blanket from a pile of three lying beside him, opened it up and spread it over the bottom of the hole. "Did you bring a blanket with you, lieutenant?" he asked.

"Back in my bedding roll," I said. "I think they put it on the kitchen truck."

"Well, that's okay. I've got an extra one. It belonged to Sergeant Woods. He was platoon sergeant till yesterday, when he was killed."

"Oh," I said.

Then, after a short pause, he went on, "I was mortar-section sergeant, you see, but the captain told me to take over the platoon until he had time to make another sergeant." He handed me the blanket. "It's kind of wet," he said. "We haven't had a chance to dry them out since the last rain we had a few days ago."

He stood up and wrapped the remaining blanket around him and then lay down beside the hole. I looked up in surprise.

"Aren't you going to get in the hole?" I asked.

"No," he said. "I've got claustrophobia. I'd rather lie out here, and then, if anything happens, I can roll into it."

I sat there for a long time. The air, which had been so warm in the daytime, grew cool with the darkness, and after a while I slid down into the hole and pulled the blanket over me. The only

sounds were Weston's heavy breathing and the rustling of the trees in a gentle wind. I thought of the events of the day, and out of them grew the realization that I had lived my whole life for this one minute. From now on, time would be measured in minutes and seconds, not hours or days or months. If I lived to go back to the world I had been brought up in, it would only be because I had either been wounded or lost my mind or the war had ended. Otherwise, I would just keep going and going and going.

I was awakened the following morning at dawn by a terrific explosion near by. Then another, and another. Weston's head suddenly appeared over the side of the foxhole. His jaws were working back and forth, but I just barely heard what he was shouting. "Counterattack! Counterattack!" And then he was in on top of me. I squeezed over to the side to make room for him. The ground heaved and trembled. Shrapnel rained down through the trees. The noise was terrific. Shells were landing in the clearing where our mortars were. They were landing in the woods where our men were. They were landing everywhere. Suddenly the barrage stopped and I poked my head out to see if the mortars had been hit. Wes grabbed me and pulled me back just in time, for there was another series of explosions.

"You can't hear them coming!" I yelled into his ear.

"They're mortars!" he shouted back. "You never hear them!"

A piece of shrapnel thudded into the loose dirt where my head had just been. Then the barrage stopped again.

"We'll have to get the men on the guns," I said, noticing for the first time that my voice shook.

"It'll be suicide," Wes protested. "They've got the place zeroed in."

A man was half running and half sliding down the hill above us. Just as he reached us I could see that his hair was covered with blood. It ran down into his eyes and over his cheeks and dripped down his shirt front.

"I've been hit!" he sobbed. "I've been hit! What'll I do?"

"It's Finney!" Wes said. He turned to me. "There's an aid station back where the captain is."

I looked at Finney quickly, and then averted my eyes. "Can you make it, Finney?"

He didn't answer, but turned and started running drunkenly across the field and the woods to the rear. Suddenly there was loud yelling and screaming from the hill, and machine-gun and rifle fire broke out.

"They're attacking," Wes said grimly. "The krauts always yell when they attack."

The racket on the hill grew in volume. Mingled with it were loud explosions of shells. My insides seemed to be melting. Of course it would be suicide. No sane man would do it. I struggled out of the foxhole. Over my shoulder I saw Wes right behind me. We had to do something. I looked toward the foxholes where our men were. There wasn't a sign of life.

"Let's go on the mortars!" I yelled at the top of my voice. But still there was no movement from the foxholes.

Wes swore under his breath. "You know what your job is!" he roared. "Get the hell out of your holes!" But his voice was lost in the uproar of the battle on the hill.

A man appeared at the edge of the trees on the top of the bank. He stared at us for a minute, then stumbled down the slope toward us. I'd seen him somewhere before, I remembered—one of the platoon sergeants from the captain's meeting the night before.

Wes yelled at him, "What's going on up there, Cannulli?"

Sergeant Cannulli's face was covered with sweat and grime, his shirt was torn,

(Continued on Page 59)

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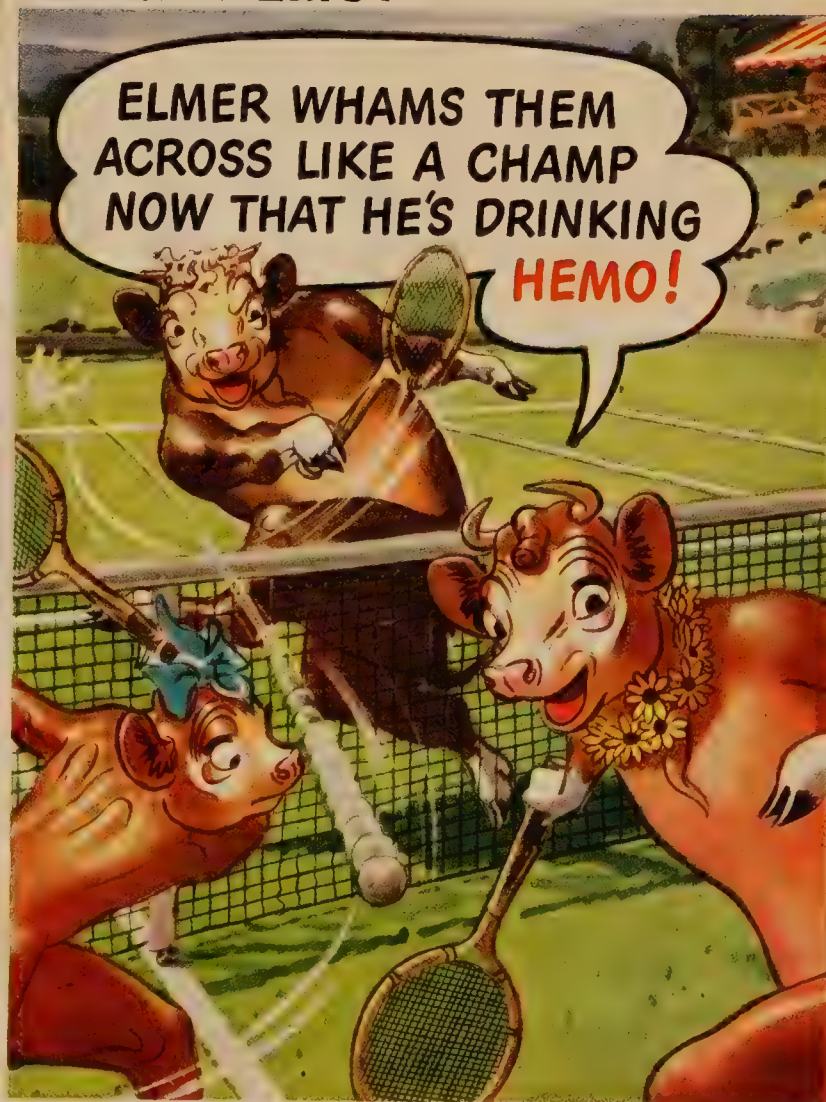
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Do you know that certain vitamins act as "sparks" that fire the foods we eat? Convert them into energy to run our bodies?

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Why not start *today* to get enough of these vital food elements? And why not get them the *better* HEMO way?



HEMO is a glorious-tasting, chocolate food drink. *Protein-rich!* Contains, in addition to vitamins and minerals, many other food elements necessary to vital well-being!

And HEMO is so richly fortified with vitamins and minerals that just 2 glasses made with milk supply your **ENTIRE DAY'S NEEDS**—according to government standards—of Vitamins A, B₁, B₂(G), D, Niacin; and the important minerals, Iron, Calcium, Phosphorus!

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333 USP units	VITAMIN B ₁ 400 USP units
2 milligrams	VITAMIN B ₂ 3 milligrams
400 USP units	VITAMIN D 410 USP units
(Not set)	NIACIN 10.3 milligrams
10 milligrams	IRON 15.7 milligrams
750 milligrams	CALCIUM 950 milligrams
750 milligrams	PHOSPHORUS 750 milligrams

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JUST ONE GLASS OF HEMO GIVES YOU:

The Vitamin A in 3 boiled eggs!

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The Vitamin B₁ in 4 slices of whole wheat bread!

PLUS

The Vitamin B₂ (G) in 4 servings of spinach!

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The Niacin in 3 servings of carrots!

PLUS

The Iron in ½ pound of beef!

PLUS

The Calcium & Phosphorus in 2 servings of cauliflower and 1 serving of cooked green beans combined!



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IT'S GOT TO BE GOOD!

Borden's

Hemo

Drink your vitamins and like 'em!

his eyes were wild and staring with mingled excitement and fear. There was blood on his pants leg.

"It's terrible! It's terrible!" he screamed. "There are hundreds of them! They're coming from everywhere! They're charging our position! We mow 'em down with our machine guns and BAR's, but still they come on! We've got to have mortar support!" He turned to me. "Lieutenant," he implored, "you got to help us! You just got to help us!"

I turned and ran at top speed for the mortars in the clearing.

"Come on!" I yelled to Wes. "You take one gun and I'll take the other!"

My mortar was facing in the wrong direction. I picked up the legs and swung it around to the right, facing the hill. About five hundred yards, I figured. I leveled it off and started to set the sight. But in my excitement I forgot how to use the sight. Well, there wasn't

time for that anyway. I looked over at Wes. He wasn't using his sight either. He had already dropped in one round and was watching it as it went up in the air, judging, from the flight of the shell, the range and deflection. There was a pile of shells in front of me. I remembered that Wes had said the charges were set and they were all ready to fire. I grabbed one and dropped it down the tube.

There was a flash and a report, and I watched as it went through the air in a high arc. Too far to the right, I

PASS YOUR POST ALONG

Because of the Government's wartime restrictions on paper consumption, fewer copies of The Saturday Evening Post will be printed than last year. With the demand for the Post growing, this means that some readers will be unable to buy their favorite weekly magazine. To help meet this shortage, we urge you to pass your copy along to some friend after you have finished it.

thought, and a little bit too long. I pulled back on the legs a little, moved the tube to the left, then leveled it off again and dropped another shell down the tube.

"Just about right," I said to myself. I shot a quick glance over at Wes. His arm was moving with clocklike rhythm as he reached down, picked up a shell, dropped it into the tube, and then reached down for another. I watched him fire about eight times, and then I started. Better spread the fire out, I thought. It'll last longer on the hill. I don't know how many I fired, but the pile of shells diminished rapidly, till at last I noticed that only two were left. I picked up one and dropped it down the tube. There was a deafening explosion and the base plate sank farther into the ground.

Damn it, I thought, they forgot to take the extra charges off that one.

I was reaching for the last shell to set the proper amount of charges on it. I never heard the jerry shell hit behind me. A blow like that of a huge sledge hammer fell on the back of my shoulder. That was all.

Darkness . . . light . . . sky . . . hard ground . . . arm dangling . . . pain . . . then numbness . . . hard to breathe . . . got to breathe . . . blood dripping . . . this is how it is to die. . . . O God . . . back home . . . that telegram, "Killed in action." They won't know—they may never know . . . if I die . . . but I won't die—I won't die.

MY TOWN

(Continued from Page 15)

stoking the furnace. He may not even know or care that he doesn't know the personalities of those who are separated from him by only a thin wall. In the morning, he climbs aboard a bus or subway train filled with hundreds of others. He neither sees their faces nor does he care to see them.

One morning when I lived in the city I saw an elderly man sink to the ground with a heart attack just as he was going to board the bus. But I saw at least a half dozen persons hurry past him, anxious to be lost in the anonymity of the crowd. They were afraid to stop for a moment, afraid they might be late for work. And besides, so carefully insulated were they from their fellows that this pathetic heap of clothing, flesh and bones, meant nothing more to them than possible annoyance. That couldn't happen in my town, because here everybody is a person.

I wonder if it is not true that the two distinct Americas that have grown up in these two distinct ways of life may not have had a distinct bearing on the kind of Government we have, and of the new emphasis that our Government has been placing on security rather than freedom. Certainly it takes no political analyst to know that national elections are now won by the overwhelming endorsement of a candidate from those who live in vast warrens in large, congested, metropolitan areas.

For the city dweller has been forced into a position of anonymity. Even his

own city government is remote from him. Because he is more alone through his city-bound isolation than any country or small-town dweller, he is forced to seek security in the symbol of any national leader, political or otherwise, who enters his living room via the radio. While his own mayor and board of aldermen may be strangers to the city dweller, any man who through national prominence gains an immediate audience through the clever use of radio becomes a well-known household personality. It is no coincidence that the rise of protracted, continuous leadership at home and abroad began at a time when the radio first was used as a political device. These leaders have offered various things; in America, security was offered.

What can be done about it? Perhaps the disease of securitis cannot be cured. But, as the physicians say, perhaps it is only functional now, and not organic. If this be so, then the place to start curative measures is in our schools. I am sure Miss Clarke, in her daily classes, stresses more important fundamentals than security. I am sure her children are familiar with our priceless birthright.

Political America is the direct outgrowth of sociological America. Only when the major part of Americans declare their independence of the city, the machine and the treadmill of urban living can we ever again hope, as a people, to get back to the rugged but pleasant road that leads to the fulfillment of the dreams of those who founded America.

I like my town best of all because my neighbors have done that successfully. And they are real persons because they have done so.

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YOU'VE GOT TO LEARN

(Continued from Page 25)

the life of the dog. The justice of the matter, the fact that the otter had been defending the pup, never occurred to him. Many plans went through his mind, but there was no pleasure, no anticipation of exciting sport, connected with any of them.

He went about his hunting with a singleness of purpose unusual in a boy, with a definite and unvarying schedule. First he'd do the chores, carefully and thoroughly, then get his old single-shot .22 rifle and go out. At first, he spent a lot of time at the lake, hiding near the place where the dog had been drowned. He knew, from remembered bits of Gates' talk, that otters didn't stay in one place, but made a wide, periodic circle about the ponds and streams of the countryside. Sooner or later, he thought, they'd come past him again. He spent days hidden among the hemlocks, and, although he learned a great deal about other animals and birds, he never saw the otters.

The thought came to him finally that they might have passed near dawn, before he got there, or after dusk, when he couldn't see them or had left for home. For several days, disappointment took all the energy out of him; he stayed at home, and his mother thought, with relief, that he'd given up.

"I'm glad it's over, Harry," she said to Gates. "It wasn't like a boy to act like that, going wherever he went, so regular all the time. It was more like a funny little old man."

But Gates had been quietly watching the boy, and he shook his head. "No," he said. "He's not through yet. He's just trying to get away from the place."

Gates was right; the boy was deciding that he would have to move about, to find the otters' route and intercept them

somewhere. The place where the dog had died had held him through a wistful, boyish hope that somehow it might come back again. But the bond weakened; reality came closer to him than it had ever come before, and, as hope died, some of his boyishness died with it. He finally broke away from the place and made his first circuit of the lake.

He went too fast at first and found nothing. The otters left very little indication of their passing along the shore line—a few fish scales and bones in widely separated places, a single rare pad mark in damp ground not covered by leaves or vines. On his first trip up the shore he found nothing. Slowing down and going very carefully, he found faint sign at last, and knew how painstakingly he would have to search from then on. He found the place where they left the lake, the stream they used, and how far they followed before leaving it.

In time he knew, between the actual points where they touched and guesses at the routes which connected these points, the otters' entire twenty-five-mile circuit of the country. It was an achievement in woodcraft which few men could have accomplished, because few men would have had the patience or the time. He had covered a tremendous amount of country; he was well scratched by briars, but he was brown and strong, and had filled out surprisingly.

He changed, little by little, during those weeks. The boyish heedlessness with which he had formerly moved through the woods was gone. He grew somewhat like an Indian, a part of the woods rather than an alien presence, drifting quietly about with a mind empty of thought, but blank and clean for the impressions which flowed into it. Time ceased to exist for him. He took no more account of hours than a squirrel, and learned the causes of sounds and the little chains of circumstance which stem from them—the techniques of the hunters

(Continued on Page 63)



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